

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

John heartily congratulated Blake on his masterly generalship.

"We will talk business to-morrow, Jim," he said. "I am more anxious to hear of other matters. Now, tell me the news. Did you hear of Miss Carden? Is my grandfather alive?"

"Peter Burt is alive and well," said Blake, glad to bring some good tidings.

"Alive and well," repeated John Burt. "May God bless him! That is good news. Go on, Jim."

"Arthur Morris is alive," said Blake, without lifting his eyes.

"The local papers contained that news," observed John, carelessly. "What's the matter, old man? You're pale. Are you ill?"

"I've had news for you, John," he said, desperately. "I may as well tell you and be over with it. Miss Carden's engaged to be married!"

John's lip tightened and a red spot burned on his cheek.

"To whom?"

"To Arthur Morris, John."

John Burt sprang to his feet, hurling the chair backward with a crash. He strode forward, his eyes blazing with fury and his features convulsed with passion.

"It's a lie, Blake—it's a lie, and you know it's a lie!"

He towered above his astonished friend. His fingers were clenched and his lips twitched. Turning abruptly, he walked across the room with his hands pressed over his forehead. For a moment he stood silent, then abruptly turned to Blake with his hands outstretched.

"I beg your pardon, Jim! Forgive me, old man! I didn't know what I was saying. Forgive me, Jim, will you?"

"Certainly, John, but there's nothing to forgive," replied Blake heartily as he grasped his friend's hands.

Ulysses who refused to return from exile.

This suggested a train of bitter conjectures. Why had he not been content with a modest fortune? Why had he devoted years to the amassing of wealth which now mocked his love? Why had he despised the pretensions of Arthur Morris? Why had he failed to take steps to positively ascertain the result of Morris's wound?

The words of Peter Burt came back to him: "It is written in God's word: If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small; for a just man falleth seven times and riseth up again!" Had he fallen seven times? From the hour he left the old man's side until that night, no shade of disappointment had come into his life. Success had followed success and triumph had succeeded triumph. Every prophecy made by Peter Burt had been more than fulfilled.

As he recalled the past he remembered with keen joy the parting words of the old man: "You have the love of a woman I respect. She will wait for you. Do not let the impatience of your love imperil your chances." The sense of coming victory stole over him as he stood before the portrait and repeated the words: "She will wait for you; she will wait for you." That which is not menaced; that which does not demand the danger and turmoil of a battle, is not worth struggling for.

Four weeks later John Burt stood on a ferry boat and gazed for the first time on the matchless water front and the ragged but impressive skyline of New York city.

Blake had preceded him, and had installed the permanent headquarters of James Blake & Company. He met John as he stepped from the train. The two old friends greeted each

long on a rotten stock. Go ahead and squeeze him! You can do it. Put the screws to him! Then when he comes whining around for mercy we'll see what Miss Independence Jessie will do! I'll bet she'll answer my letters then! I'll make her pay for this some day. You've got to do something, governor!"

"If you think I'm going to run my banking and Wall Street business so as to promote your correspondence with a doll-faced girl, you—"

"She's not a doll-faced girl!" declared Morris, turning fiercely on his father.

"Well, she's a girl, and they're all alike," growled Randolph Morris. "The prettier they are the more trouble they raise. I thought you told me you wasn't going to marry her. You're an ass."

The old banker lay back wearily in his chair and regarded his son and heir with an expression of deep disgust.

"I'll marry her if I want to," said Morris, doggedly. "I suppose I've got to marry somebody and she's as good as any one. What the devil has old Carden's money got to do about it? When he loses it you get it, and when you die I get it, and if she marries me she quits even. It's the only chance she's got. Go ahead and squeeze him, governor!"

"You talk like a fool," said the fond parent. "You know a lot about stocks, don't you? I couldn't bear L. & O. now if I tried, and wouldn't if I could. I'm interested in other stocks besides L. & O. If you're bound to marry, why don't you marry Thompson's daughter. He'll die in a year and leave her four millions."

"I don't want her," said Morris loftily. "You need not worry about my matrimonial alliances. Let me have five thousand dollars. I'm going to Europe."

Randolph Morris stormed and fumed and then wrote a check for the amount demanded.

Six weeks later Arthur Morris was in Berlin. He had perfected his plans, and after securing apartments in Leipziger Strasse set about their execution.

He was to shrewd to announce his arrival by a letter to Jessie, having good reason to suspect that it would meet the same reception as had the others. He retained a capable valet and commissioned him to obtain information concerning Miss Carden's daily and weekly routine.

It rained the following day and Morris' valet brought word that Miss Carden would not venture out in the storm. His master was pleased to learn that Miss Carden was in the habit of going out alone, and that if the weather permitted, she proposed to visit Count Racynski's gallery on the morrow.

The famous Racynski gallery is on the Exercierplatz, outside the Brandenburg gate, and contains a splendid collection of modern German paintings. The day dawned bright and warm after the storm, and Morris was in fine spirits when he stepped into his carriage and rode down the avenue. He entered the gallery and roamed through the halls to make sure Jessie had not arrived. He then stood near the entrance and waited.

His patience was rewarded. He recognized Jessie as she crossed the street. She was alone, and Morris stepped into the dark of the vestibule and followed when she entered the main hall. Jessie carried a sketch book under her arm, and took a seat opposite one of Schinkel's master-works. Opening the book, she proceeded to work on an unfinished sketch.

(To be continued.)

Conan Doyle a Rapid Worker.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is a remarkably quick worker, most of whose time seems to be given up to the healthy enjoyment of life. He seems, however, to be able economically, to combine work with play. For instance, one may see him engaged in a vigorous game of cricket or golf in the early afternoon, and the game may be followed by a brisk country walk with a friend. Returning from the walk the novelist will say to the friend: "We dine at eight o'clock; perhaps you would like to take a stroll round the garden before dressing, while I go upstairs," and he retires, presumably to enjoy a rest. After dinner he may make some such quiet remark as this to his friend: "By the way, a rather happy idea occurred to me during our walk this afternoon." Hereupon he gives the outline of a very ingenious plot. "What a capital idea for a short story," exclaims his friend. "So I thought," remarks the novelist. "Well, you will do it?" "Oh, I've done it," comes the author's calm reply. "I wrote the story while you were walking in the garden."

Carlyle's Sarcasm.

Carlyle once wrote to a neighbor of his in London: "We have the misfortune to be people of weak health in this house; bad sleepers in particular, and exceedingly sensible in the night hours to disturbances from sound. On your premises for some time past there is a cock, by no means particularly loud or discordant, whose crowing would of course be indifferent or insignificant to persons of sound health and nerves; but, alas, it often enough keeps us unwillingly awake here, and on the whole gives a degree of annoyance which, except to the unhealthy, is not easily conceivable. If you would have the goodness to remove that small animal or in any way render him inaudible from midnight to breakfast time such charity would work a notable relief to certain persons here and be thankfully acknowledged by them as an act of good neighborhood."



Handkerchief Kimono.

Handkerchiefs as material for garments of various sorts are continually growing in demand, but are never more attractive than when made up into a kimono such as the one illustrated. Those used for the model are of white Japanese silk with border of blue silk dotted with white, but there are innumerable ones from which a choice can be made. Those of linen with borders are pretty and always launder satisfactorily, and dealers are also showing a considerable variety woven specially for pur-



Design by May Mantion

poses of the sort. The handkerchiefs are joined on indicated lines and are so adjusted as to form deep points in fronts, back and sleeves, while the neck edges are turned over to give a collar effect. To make the kimono for a woman of medium size will be required five handkerchiefs 20 inches square or, if preferred, it can be made from material with applied banding, in which case 3½ yards 22, 27 or 32 or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with 12½ yards of banding will be required.

The Juliet Cap.

For dressy occasions there is no prettier ornament above the crisp face than the Juliet cap, familiar to every admirer of Shakespeare's heroine.

This dainty garniture is especially effective with the low style of hair-dressing now in vogue, particularly when the hair is gathered in a net at the nape of the neck.

The cap is not a cap in the strictest sense of the word, but a net woven from gold threads, or tiny gold coins, studded with small gems; or it can be made from small pearls, rhinestones or other gems. Beads, pearls or other gems should be exceedingly small, so that the general effect of the mesh is gauzy and light.

The cap is worn directly on the crown of the head, and droops gracefully toward the back. When a curl is worn over the shoulder, it is sometimes followed by loops and ends of the pearls.

Lace for Ankles.

A pair of lace medallions, left over from the summer frock, can be put to excellent use in trimming stockings to match the gown.

For instance, with a pongee gown piped with lace medallions, a plain pair of tan hosiery stockings were made very smart by the use of lace medallions, one just above each instep.

They were first applied on the stockings with silk thread, in very fine stitches, then the hosiery beneath was cut away, and then edges of the stocking buttonhole stitched closely and finely to the wrong side of the medallion. Worn with brown suede shoes, they gave a dainty finishing touch to the costume.

Told in Her Boudoir

Tortoise shell is the newest shade of brown. Sleeves widen and shorten as the summer comes on.

Silks strewn with mauve orchids are simply exquisite.

The modern raincoat tips the scales at less than one pound.

A small collar finishes the neck of many fashionable jackets.

Net ruchings, very fine, are smarter than those made of chiffon.

Forget-me-nots are among the very charming hat trimmings.

Sleeves are as elaborate as ever and still bouffant below the elbow.

Silver, especially antique, is among the smart metals for buckles.

The 1830 or French blouse is the latest idea in black taffeta coats.

Embroidered muslin picture hats are among the pretty lingerie hats.

Circular skirts, cut in three or more section, are among the latest models.

Street Costume of Mistral Voile.

Voile in its fashionable varieties really leads the fashionable procession in the spring and early summer gowns. The mistral voile has a coarse canvas weave with a rough, crepe surface, and lends itself well to decorative purposes. The little Eton opens with a roll shawl collar over the lingerie blouse, a narrow black and gold braid being effectively used for trimming. The skirt is cut

Late Ideas for Costumes That Have the Sanction of the Smart Set—Juliet Cap a Favorite Form of Head-gear.

with double effect, the upper portion pointing in front, tablier fashion, and rounding up shapely to the back. A deeply fluted flounce applied beneath a double band of braid gives the correct flare at the foot, this being maintained by a narrow band of princess hair-cloth on the drop skirt or petticoat.

Making Perfect "Noodles."

Nothing puzzles the amateur cook quite as much as the contrariness of "noodles." Sometimes they mix up nicely so they can be rolled and cut in full perfection, at other times they turn into a sticky, soggy mass, utterly impossible. An infallible rule is to fill one-half the shell of the egg used with cold water and then beat or "fold" in only as much flour as can be absorbed. Put enough on a molding board and rolling pin to prevent adhering, and the result will be a smooth, brittle paste which can be shredded without any difficulty.

Summer Piazza Gowns.

For elaborate summer toilets all the gauges and their weaves of wool and silk are called into play. Chiffon cloth, mousseline, voile, veiling, chiffon lousine and messaline are this season's leaders.

Messaline and chiffon lousine have both been brought out in a host of exquisite effects.

Among the thin lousines checked changeable surfaces cannot be provided by the manufacturer fast enough.

In chiffon there are stunning patterns combining wide satin stripes and big discs made up of graduated polka dots. The flowered cotton nets have had a big sale and will be aired later on summer verandas. These, like all the nets, are made over an interlining of net which veils the silk foundation.

Colored nets are used for filmy frocks for both old and young women. A frock of this kind seen lately had a skirt of organdy veiled with net, over which the outer skirt hung. All were of the same delicate shade of rose pink.



Rub all rusty places on iron with kerosene oil.

Wicker seats and back of chairs are easily cleaned with salt and water.

Varnished woodwork can be easily cleaned and brightened with crude oil.

Any brickwork rinsed off with ammonia and water and then carefully dried will be wonderfully brightened by the process.



A few drops of alcohol rubbed on the inside of lamp chimneys will remove all trace of greasy smoke when water alone is of no avail.

Alcohol rubbed into a carpet will effectually remove a varnish stain. This should be done after the carpet has been taken up and shaken.

White Pongee With Lace. White, or bleached, pongee is one of the novelties of the season and is



Design by May Mantion

charmingly dainty and effective. The very pretty gown illustrated shows the material trimmed with applique of cream Venetian lace and finished with frills of the softer Lierre in the same shade. The combination of tones is a satisfactory as well as a fashionable one, and the material lends itself to tucks with singular success. The blouse is made over a fitted foundation and closed invisibly at the center front, but, when made of muslin or other washable fabric, can be left unlined and also allows a choice of long or elbow sleeves. The skirt is cut in seven gores, the front one being extended to form a yoke at sides and back. It is tucked in groups that are stitched to flounce depth and give graceful fullness and flare beneath that point. To make the gown for a woman of medium size will be required: for the blouse, 4½ yards of material 21, 3½ yards 27, or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide; for skirt, 10 yards 21, 9 yards 27, or 5¼ yards 44 inches wide.

A SMART LITTLE COAT.



Design by May Mantion

Jaunty little Etons made of pongee, silk and the like are among the smartest wraps shown and are exceedingly attractive, whether made to match the skirt or of contrasting material. This one includes a stole collar, that provides the broad and droop pointed shoulders, and is made with deep pointed sleeves under which the full ones of the blouse show to advantage.

As illustrated the material is not be own taffeta, combined with tan color and trimmed with little ornaments of braid, and matches the skirt, but all the materials mentioned are equally appropriate. To make the coat for a woman of medium size will be required 4 yards of material 21, 3½ yards 27, or 1½ yards 44 inches wide.



"IT'S A LIE, BLAKE—IT'S A LIE, AND YOU KNOW IT'S A LIE!"

Perhaps it is a lie. Let us hope so, John."

For moments no word was spoken. John Burt stood by an opened window, with his back to his friend, and gazed out into the darkness.

"Tell me about it, Jim," he said, breaking the silence.

Blake related the details of his introduction to Arthur Morris and told of the night spent in the latter's apartment. He repeated the conversation as nearly as he could recall it.

John abruptly changed the subject and questioned Blake about his interview with Peter Burt, and smiled quietly when he related his experience with the old man. He was not displeased that Blake had been forced to reveal his secret.

"I have anticipated his advice about going to New York," said John. "My plans are made, and if you are willing, we will make New York the future headquarters of James Blake & Company, with the San Francisco establishment a branch house. Think it over, Jim, and let me know your decision as soon as possible."

"I've thought it over," said Blake. "I'm ready to go to New York the minute you say so."

"Very well, we'll go this month," said John Burt.

It was long past midnight when Blake drove away and left John Burt to the harrowing society of his thoughts. For hours he sat before the portrait of Jessie Carden. He recalled the day when she had laughingly placed the cherished tins in his hand. And now she was in Paris, by the grace and under the bounty of Arthur Morris—the one man in all the world he hated.

"It's a lie—an infamous, damnable lie!" he repeated as he paced up and down the room. "It is not so—it shall not be so!"

But the black clouds of doubt again obscured the rift made by vehement hope. What reason had he to doubt the statement made by Morris? Had not Morris wealth, influence, social standing? Was not Jessie under obligations to him?

And what of Jessie? What valid, lasting claim had he on Jessie Carden? A few words spoken under the stress of great excitement, a promise of her friendship and of her prayers—nothing more.

No word from him had come to her during long years. For all she knew he was dead. What right had he to expect that she should play the part of Penelope to a silent, untrothed

other with unfeigned cordiality. Blake was in high spirits.

"I'm glad you're here, John," he said, as they were seated in a carriage. "I've been in an awful fix for a week or more. What in thunder is my opinion on the new currency bill, John? Ten reporters and a hundred financiers have asked me that question, and I have refused to commit myself. What shall I tell them, John?"

"We'll discuss that over dinner," laughed John. He gazed at Blake earnestly, and asked: "Do you know if Miss Carden has returned?"

"I have been unable to ascertain that," said Blake. "I haven't seen anybody—anybody who would know. I've been awfully busy, John."

"I know you have," returned John in his old, cordial manner. "Have you secured a hut for me, Jim?"

"I have fitted up a dream of an apartment for you, and have ordered your favorite dinner."

The following day John Burt began his New York career.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Foreign Mission.

Before Morris had recovered from his wound Jessie Carden had left for Europe. During his convalescence he was consumed by two passions: First to arrest and punish John Burt, and second to see or hear from Jessie Carden. Yielding to his demands, the older Morris spent thousands of dollars in a fruitless attempt to locate John Burt.

Morris had no difficulty in obtaining from General Carden the continental address of his daughter. She was studying in Berlin, and Arthur Morris wrote a long letter informing her of his complete recovery. He calmly ignored the events which led to the shooting, and seemed to have forgotten the rebuff he had received at her hands. The letter read as if their last meeting had been under the shadow of the maples on the Bishop lawn.

Morris waited a month for an answer to this letter and then wrote a second one, which was returned unopened. In a towering passion he went to his father and unobscured the story of his treatment.

"You told me once that old Carden would go broke on L. & O.," he declared, pacing up and down the room. "I didn't pay much attention to what you said at the time, but I know all about it now. I've been looking over your books, governor. You've got him